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**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 2009**

Recently I heard in my spirit that I would be leaving soon, and what will I tell them? I posted a short blog and said, Lift up thine eyes.

That's the short version of what I want to say.

I am leaving. I knew I would be, but I had no idea where, until lately. I'm going where it's sunny and sandy. To a place where love

awaits me. Where I'll finally rest, yet come alive, all at the same time. To enjoy and give a new life.

To unravel and unplug, to pray.

To be reunited with my God privately, no longer on display, no longer reporting. To feel loving arms around me. To support, and be

supported. To laugh. To learn new things. To love.

My mysteries solved, I don't rejoice. I cry. To let go of my struggle is a loss, because it's all I had. It was life as I've known it. Without

that mountain to conquer, who am I? I have no idea. It's time to find out.

I dreamed last week of walking through a mall, I was carrying something HUGE, but it was light.

Easy to carry, but the problem was

trying to make it through the mall and see where I was going with it. I was trying to find where to lay it down. A boy appeared in

front of me and I followed him through the mall and into a department store, and that's where I laid it down. I still don't know what it

was that I was carrying, I couldn't see the shape of it, it was too big. You don't know why I

expanded and repeated myself so much during this time. I'll tell you. I had to do it now. Repeating myself 10 times on 10 different sites will ensure that in 10 years, at least one will remain. I won't be there to do it myself. It's my offering, my whole life. It doesn't matter to me how much I've been hated or ridiculed. What matters to me is how comforting it will all be to someone, even just one person, on a dismal day. I've exposed myself and it's there, waiting. To bless and encourage and uplift. Thank You God for letting me do it!

Today I woke up from a brief nap in which I had this dream: I was at my old house in DeSoto, we were having a party, lots and lots of people were there. I looked up into the blue sky and saw what appeared to be a cloud, or a smoke trail thing left from a plane, but it was in the shape of a huge electric cord....UNPLUGGED!!! I saw it and laughed! It was happy, and it was for me. A sign! In the blue sky, a sign for me that yes... it's time... I am finally going to be unplugged! No more "electric". It has been so satisfying to do this but I am so drained and so tired.

Freedom.

As I looked up at the sky and laughed, I was filled with joy, and went into the house to show my dad, who came outside and looked up and saw it. I then went back inside and into the garage, where I saw my beloved pooch Jemma! She came running towards me and I embraced her and hugged her and said COME HERE, NEMMERS!!! That's what I called her. Nemmers. I sat on the garage floor where she licked my face and wagged her tail, and I laughed, then laid down on my back and

turned my head to the right. Jemma was licking my face, but then slowed down and began to sniff my left ear. She suddenly became very still and she was smelling inside my ear as if she smelled something. She was telling me something was there. I know my dog, it's what she did when we would take walks. Like all dogs do I suppose. But the thing that made her freeze up and made her tail stop wagging was something she was smelling inside my head.

I woke up just a few hours ago. I cry as I type this. Not out of sadness but out of gratitude to my God, Who always tells me things ahead of time and so very gently. I know what this means. Thank you Jemma. Thank You God. I'm listening to one of my playlists right now, and Grateful Dead's Touch of Grey is playing. A cup of cold tea sits to my left, I never finished it this morning, I fell asleep and dreamed instead. A bag about to be packed for a trip sits on my black futon that my brother in law found in the alley. A book on the wonders of the human brain sits on my military box that I'm using as a coffee table, a coworker loaned it to me. (the book, not the box). My bedroom wall is covered in artwork: beach scenes, flowers, and flowing rivers~ drawn by someone who has restored my hope in living. Until he came along, it mattered not to me whether I live or die anymore. Now I have every good reason to paint my toenails bright red like any foxy lady should and finally find the other half to my hot pink bikini. All I can find is the top.

I think that THIS is what I want to leave you with. This, or the lift-up-thine-eyes thing. You know where I got that? Off a Norman

Rockwell painting. It's of a street scene in New York. It shows busy people who appear to be preoccupied in their mundane life, and there's a church in the background, and the words LIFT UP THINE EYES is written above the doorway, but nobody sees it.

I don't know how long I'll bask in the sun.

A man of God who came to work with me for a short time told me that there will be a book. I told him, well I've been writing for quite some time. But he said, there's more. I told him, maybe it's just what I've already said. He doesn't know, but he said it will be more that I expected. I laughed and told him, well alright, if that's what God says, but I have been instructed to not accept one penny for anything I do or have done in His Name. And in my mind, I'm done.

Maybe the seashells will listen to me and tell my tale one day. Cause I don't know who else will be around to listen. I'm finally making my getaway. You can't come.

Love,A.